

NE—Calling for the wanderer home.
(B. J., 39.)

inner, Jesus calls for thee,
Calling for the wanderer home;
To Him for refuge I flee,
Calling for the wanderer home.

CHORUS.

Boundless love beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus died to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Dear His voice, it calls for thee,
Calling for the wanderer home;
To Him and happy be,
Calling for the wanderer home,
In this world He'll be your Friend,
Calling for the wanderer home;
To keep you to the end,
Calling for the wanderer home.
GODERI MCILROY, Ottawa.

—What's the news? (B. J., No. 12.)
There is a better world; (B. J., No. 13.)
Christ for me; (B. B., No. 48.)
I're travelling home; (B. B., No. 7.)
Come to Me; (B. J., No. 2.)

Behold the bairns on the cross,
Oh, what love!
His precious blood and life it costs,
Oh, what love!
From Heaven He came, to save man-kind,
From the captives, heal the blind,
And all who come shall in His fold
Find love!

Jackalidore, now repeat, come home!
God is love!
No longer now in sin's path roam,
God is love!
The angels weep, the saints now pray,
For you to leave sin's thorny way,
Christ now come, this is the day,
God is love!

Poor drunkard, listen, Jesus died,
Died for thee!
For none who come can be denied,
Jesus died!
Our time is quickly passing by,
Our soul to death is drawing nigh,
Our judgment's hour, where will you fly?
Jesus died!

CAPTAIN GEO. KENDALL

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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"Out of the Gutter We Pick Them Up."

The above picture is the representation of an actual scene in Toronto the Good, some time ago.

HOLINESS!

Sacredly significant indeed is the phraseology. In order to a reception into me of what is altogether the gift of God and not the sequel or renumeration of any toils or entanglements of mine, I yet need to be "strengthened with might by the Spirit in" ("deep within," as the Greek seems precisely to indicate) "the inner man." And I ask what this means, what is the occasion in this matter for a divine strengthening, where perhaps I might have asked rather for such a thing as a subduing or taming. And I read the answer in the light of the truth that the blessing in question is the residence always in the heart of its Master and Lord, who where He dwells must rule; who enters not to cheer and soothe the soul but before all things else to reign. And I remember that nature, native in the Fall, does not like that Presence in that aspect; fears greatly to admit "this Man to reign over us." (Luke xii. 14.) I remember that the regenerate soul itself—such is the dimness of sight and the spiritual insufficiency of even the child of God "in this tabernacle"—all too easily loves the considerate qualities of the absolute predominance along with the absolute sovereignty of the Lord, who "stands at the door" "and knocketh." (Rev. iii. 20.) It trembles lest His incoming should of necessity bring some nameless shock or sorrow in its train. "I dreaded to yield myself without reserve to Jesus Christ," said a Christian kinswoman of my own, relating to a little child the story of her own experience; "I felt so sure that He would take from me my little Hush." But the strength of a quiet confidence in the perfect wisdom and love of the exalted King, along with a calm intuition into His adorable beauty and desirability, at length overcame that sense of the unknown, was opened, cast out that night. The boy! God bless them, went on with her towards the Home. Poor creature!

HAD SHE A HUSBAND? Was she a mother? Did she ever prattle in childish innocence, or rather it has been given back to her, "young-like," more than ever her own, out of that supreme surrender. Do we not understand in the light of such an instance the need of the Holy Spirit's strength-giving work, in order to the reception of the Lord Christ as the abiding and ruling Inhabitant of the very heart? And do we not see how it is the special function of none other than the Spirit so to deal with the inner man? It is the Giver of Christ; it is His, as we have seen above, to

"Show us that loving Man, That rules the courts of bliss, The Lord of hosts, the mighty God, The eternal Prince of Peace."

And in the sacred matter of the Indwelling, it is He accordingly who so "shows" Him to the wistful soul that it goes with an intuition truly its own, yet supernatural in its conditions, how safe, how satisfying, how blissful is His all-rolling presence, not only in "the courts of bliss" but in the believing sinner's heart. So the door is opened, for this private but royal entrance of the King of Glory. So work Thou then in us all, O Spirit of the Father and of the Son.

And here, as our meditation on this bright oracle closed, let us briefly remember those words of ver. 13, "by faith." This is an important topic, practical use of the truth, and promise of our Lord's Indwelling. On the one hand, they remind us that, if that Indwelling is to be our experience indeed, there is need of genuine personal action on the Christian's own part, action God-taught and God-granted, as we have seen, yet not the less the man's own. The Lord "stands at the door and knocketh" (Rev. iii. 20) the man, the inner man, must rise and set it open. Faith is the act of man; though it is "the gift of God" (1 Thess. ii. 8) and "by means of faith" Christ arrives in the heart to dwell there. But on the other hand, because the action of the soul is in itself one faith, and nothing else, the words repeat us for our "comfort and good hope" that the action is in effect nothing but the almost simplicity of reception. Do we need to define "faith" to ourselves over again? Has not every instance

"Out of the Gutter We Pick Them Up."

QUITE TRUE—WE WILL GO ON SO DOING, BUT WHO HELPS THEM INTO THE GUTTER?

THEY ARE NOT all sober people in Toronto—not yet.

WE CAN IMAGINE some person saying that our frontispiece is "horrible in its ghastliness"—that "it cannot be true!" To which we reply, "We wish it were not so," but it is, also, sadly too true, and true in Toronto to-day.

JUST UP ALBERT STREET, off Yonge, is the Working Women's Home for poor women. As we passed down Yonge street, some time ago, we met, opposite Mr. McKeown's military store, and coming in the direction of the Home, a poor woman. On either side of her was an officer of the Salvation Army. Our frontispiece comes short in realistic effect of the spectacle presented. Never did we feel prouder of the uniform of the Army than at that moment.

SHE WAS A WOMAN of some thirty-five years of age. Her hair was loose and dishevelled, her bonnet an old black one, being half off her head. Her cheek was bloody—had evidently fallen and cut it on the curb of the sidewalk. Her head oscillated to and fro on her body as if it were fastened on in the same way as the head of a toy man, and when her lips opened there came forth guttural sounds.

She was evidently a poor woman, her dress betokened that; the passer-by kept a good distance, too, and let the Army boys have it all their own way. The boys! God bless them, went on with her towards the Home. Poor creature!

HAD SHE A HUSBAND? Was she a mother? Did she ever prattle in childish innocence, or rather it has been given back to her, "young-like," more than ever her own, out of that supreme

surrender.

THESE ARE IMPORTANT questions, important to every individual forming a part of the community where that unit in the imposed masses figures.

We cannot answer all these questions, although probably each may have an affirmative reply. One question is easily answered, viz., "How did she get the drink?"

Here is the answer to that, which can easily be obtained haphazard of almost anyone. "Oh, the good people called voters, made certain individuals their law-makers, whose business it was to make laws for the benefit of the people. These law-makers, for a small sum of money, gave a license (license is a state beyond liberty) to certain individuals to sell poisoned drinks, which help ruin poor people in body, mind and spirit, as nothing else does, and this poor wo-

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"of the use of the word by our Lord Himself in the Gospels long ago assured us that it means just personal reliance, personal trust, personal entreaty? It is the open arms which in their emptiness embraces Christ, the open lips which receive Him as the bread of the soul, the life, the all. As in justification so in this its glorious sequel, our part is to take the Throne in the envelope of the Promise, and to get upon its high presence and reality."

Well, but it has been said that weak faith may indeed do weak works but that it can—open a door. And He who is "the Spirit of faith" (2 Cor. iv. 13) is faith's appropriate Giver, for this is for all things. This, as for our earliest nets of trust, He enables us, by manifesting Christ in His divine trustworthiness and putting the soul into contact with Him, the seen, the trusted, the well-entitled Lord.

"O Son of God, who lovest me,

I will be Thine alone;

And all I have, and all I am,

Shall henceforth be Thine own."

It is a "full and glad surrender."

"And all this hath worked that one

and the selfsame Spirit."—From "Veni Creator."

SALVATION POINTERS.

Have you come to know the awful mischiefs that is done by the tongues of professing Christians?

A proud man cannot get to know the deep things of God.

The truly sanctified man is the man who has walked to his own funeral.

It is a good thing to bury our heads in our hearts.

He who would be a great soul in the future, must be a great soul now.

People are usually willing to do their duty, but they do not like to do too much of it.

There is no use trying to find a way to Heaven without a cross.

You will get no more good by looking at the inconsistency of others, than others will get by looking at yours.

If the Lord God is a Sun, the more I am like God the brighter I shall be.

Is sin not piece-work? Do not men get what they earn?

Not a few of us need to be warned against making idols of our own tastes and whims, or it may be vicious.

If you would only ask what God would have you do, you would soon find your confidence growing.

Five minutes in Heaven will make us forget all we have passed through on the way.

No arguing will convince you of a God; but like once come in, and all argument will be tenfold useless to convince you that there is no God.

I find that the doing of the will of God leaves me no time to be disputing about His plans.

We shall find that if we do the work of the Lord He will see that we do not walk in the dark.

To be something to God—is not that praise enough?

If we live in peace, we shall grow in grace.

Your neighbour is just the man who is next to you at that moment.

Let dark days prove that I have a light from Heaven!

Repentance does not mean sorrow; it means turning away from the sin.

I cannot invest my money so badly as in buying a napkin to wrap up that which God intends me to use.

A multitude of successive small sacrifices may work more good in the world than many a large one.

Why should I be dull and commonplace when Jesus waits to do great things in me?

Remember the Truth depends not on your seeing it.

Obedience is the only way to be able to trust Him.

If you will keep asking Jesus what is the next thing He has for thee to do, it will help to keep thee out of Satan's employ in the corners and fag-ends of time.

Brigadier Powell is farewell from the position of Chief Secretary for Holland, and has been appointed to the similar position in Norway.

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JACKSON'S COVE.—Nine souls for
the week, including two Sunday,
also four for a clean heart. With an
extra push we have got the roof on
the new quarters.—Lieut. Hiscock.

HALIFAX.—On Thursday night
we welcomed Ensign Cowan in our
midst, who takes charge of the Res-
cue Home here. Three souls for the
week.—Sergt. Major Caslin.

MOOSMIN.—In two weeks we have
had six souls for salvation, and an
many for sanctification. Visits from
Major Read and Ensign Rawlinson.
Major got out some very striking
bills. One with a pair of neke-light
cries announced a great fight; an
other a sailing ship; another a long
march of slim soldiers. Beautiful
time with four souls for the blessing.
Nee Soldiers' Council. Holiness meet-
ing, which wound up in the quarters with
two souls saved.—Brother Jarvis.

EASTERN DISTRICT, NEWFOUND-
LAND.—Notwithstanding that just
now the "sea-girt land" has come to
a crisis in her experience, for she is
still laboring under a densely thick fog
of financial depression which abounds
everywhere, yet the comrades of the
Eastern District are clinging to their
Lord, and bravely facing their difficulties.
True, they have lost their
money, and some even their winter's
provision, but it is better to than
lose their salvation. The comrades
here seem to be at good, if not even
better, than they were previous to
the occurrence. Very true, also,
that the cry of poverty is everywhere
prevailing, and distressing news
reaches us of the suffering of the
poor. Yet, above all this, and even
the grave fears of a severe scourge
and famine, there is a God Who is
only waiting to come to their help.—
W. P.

GUELPH.—Our officers have left,
but guns are still booming, and
God still flying. God bless Ensign
Case and Lieutenant Bryan. When
the light's out, we'll never give in.
Our eyes shall feast on the beautiful
sight of souls crying for mercy.—Bro-
ther Jarvis.

HARRY'S HARBOUR.—Hello, what
is up now? Are you going to tear
the barracks down? Not so, we are
only going to raze it larger, so we
may have room for our converts.
Five souls for the week, two for sal-
vation, three for the blessing. Converts
anxious to become soldiers.—
Lieut. Hiscock.

OLD MELRICAN.—Twelve souls
this week. We visited one sister who
had never known the love of Jesus,
but long felt her need. While we
sang and prayed she cried and prayed
and found mercy. She got blessedly
saved and is going to be a worker
for God in the Army. On Tuesday
night a man left the meeting deeply
troubled about fifty-three years of
age. He went home, said to his wife,
"We have no prayer." He got down
but could not pray. He had to cry.
God wanted him to make a decision.
Some of our soldiers were called. He
cried unto God to have mercy. He
got blessedly saved and now sits on
the platform. We all returned home
about four o'clock in the morning.—
Captain England.

OSHAWA.—Soldiers led on by
Treasurer and Secretary, all eager
for the fight. Glorious victory. Two
made a full surrender, and three
came out for salvation.—M. W. Sec-
retary.

YARMOUTH.—Since the Jubilee
eight souls have been won by earnest
effort.

There are frequent changes at the
Salvation Army College, but the
only add variety and interest.

Helping over the return of a wan-
derer, and the enlistment of two

young brothers. Every one seemed
minimally happy. As we are still
where "congregations must break up
and Sabbath have an end," of course
we separated; only regretting that
some deeply convicted ones, instead
of swelling our song of thanksgiving,
were leaving sin-burdened and sad.—
Auxiliary, 94.

CARBONDALE.—In spite of the bank
failing and poor times, we could not
very well do without having a holi-
day. Of course, we had a day off.
Major got out some very striking
bills. One with a pair of neke-light
cries announced a great fight; an
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CLINTON.—The Spirit of God work-
ing and one soul at the Cross.—Capt.
Maylon.

BROCKVILLE.—Two precious souls,
Ensign Macnamara brought back a
brand-new Cadet from Toronto who
will help fight the devil. We have a
"War Cry" Brigade" formed here, in
which the Juniors have a part.—
Thirtieth.

ST. THOMAS.—Having no time to
send a report, I am sending on a
few facts: Captain Wakefield and
wife are here. One soul is at their
meeting. Two for conversion in their
second meeting. Increased attend-
ance at these. One for cleaning
and one for salvation at 11 a.m.
Three souls in the free and easy.

Three souls at night. Five of the
above on the march Sunday night.

Open airs largest for months. Sol-
diers full of fire. People beginning
to talk.—R. W. Bach.

THURSO, N. S.—A middle-aged man,
saved lately, was a drunkard and
used tobacco since he was ten years
old. God has given him complete
deliverance from the desire for both
liquor and tobacco.

A young man got saved and went
away the next day. A fortnight af-
terwards he came to the barracks,
having walked thirteen miles. God
had kept him beautifully saved. Both
of these brothers are to be enrolled.

The following from a letter re-
ceived lately: "We have one of your
Salvation Army men in the Water-
works. He is employed the year
round to repair, etc., in preference to

other men, though he cannot read or
write. The reason we keep him is
because we always know where to
find him nights, viz., in the Salvation
Army Hall. Jimmy is there rain or
shine.—Capt. Allan.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—My
farewell to the Acadia Mines took
shape in a meeting on Winchester
Mountain. The night was cold and
stormy. Brother S. Moore prepared
a sign. A big struggle with snow,
wind and hills, and our destination
was reached. About twenty-five persons
gathered in the old school
house.

Added a soldier to the Pugwash
Roll. Captain Bishop and Lieutenant
Goodwin are in charge. Winter always
makes the fight hard in this
separate village.

PARNSBROOK.—Soul getting.
Captain Green has gained a good helper
in the arrival of Lieutenant Fane.
The fight is raging in TRURO. Dur-
ing my farewell visit

The Secretary had His Jaw
Bones Broken

while endeavoring to keep order.

A late recruit testified as follows:
"Before I got saved I spent my
money in drink, tobacco, etc. My poor
widowed mother had to do all kinds
of work for a living. Now that I am
saved I find I can save my money and
support my mother."

Another who has been a hard
drinker with a large family, has got
saved from drink, tobacco, etc. and
takes his place at the front.

The Jubilee Band gave a great hit
to the camp meeting. Many making good
progress. One testified to having
said she would never come on the
Army platform, but she does, and on
the march, too. Captain Prince, Mrs.
Creighton, and I farewelled from here
on Sunday. A terrible storm raged
all day, but Monday came fine and
clear. A good crowd came up to the
final meeting. The Baby Brass Band
made its first public effort.

We take the train for other fields
of labor with a feeling of deep thankfulness
to the many kind friends and
those soldiers who so bravely stood
by us.—Ensign Creighton.

FORTUNE.—The fee put to flight.
Sixteen forward for the blessing. Sun-
day night twelve at the Cross for
pardon.—Dora Hindy.

CARBERY.—Returned from circle
with victory flying at our meet-
ing. Major Read and Ensign Rawlinson
with us. We shall all be truly sorry
to lose the Major. He always carries
a blessing wherever he goes. Both
returned sick, after firing red-hot

Monday started for Petree. Drove
among the farmers and tackled them.
God saved one poor sinner. Meeting
in school-house at night.

Reached Dempsey school and had
an old-time meeting. Brother Jim
danced and surprised himself. School
full. God was there. Saw a com-
rade at Wellwood. Drove home six
miles. Cold and hungry. To-day
away up in G.—Captain Wilkins.

ARMSTRONG.—Good morning, dear
old "Cry." Oh, the winter is flying
past with lightning speed! It seems
only since yesterday, although it is
four months we have been at this
station, since we passed the band
of Captain Jarvis. It was a cold
and wintry one very late, and good
and bad to us. Since that we have

had a glorious and happy time in the
presence of God and our officers. But
that farewell has come again. They
have toiled very hard. People who
did not believe in God are now enjoy-
ing a full salvation. The Officers
have won the good-will of all. Packed

house at farewell meeting. God's
releasest blessings be theirs.—D. H.

BRANSON.—A hallelujah menagerie
announced. The happy Swede did not
fail to bless the Lord. The conversa-
tion between the comrads was
great. It began, "What do you
think of General Booth?" Ensign Bir-
keen Sunday morning in time for
the death of General Booth. The
Salvation plan-line was brought
into use and four came forward
March at 7:30 numbered thirty com-
rades, although it was some forty
degrees below zero. Larger crowd.
Straight-forward denouncing of deadly
evil. A sister at the front, heard
a few parting words from our much
loved Provincial Officer.—Ensign
Goodwin.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Souls getting
saved. Quite a number seeking the
blessing of a clean heart. Meetings
interesting. A number of recruits
ready for enrolment.—Captain and
Mrs. Larder.

BARRIE.—Soldiers' eyes open to
the needs of the war, some buckling
their armor, others tightening their
swords. Hope is inspiring us.—F. M.
K.

WESTVILLE.—Visit from Lieutenant
Kenway, who gave his experience
on board ship. Souls have been
saved since last report.—Sec. Lor-
mer.

MONCTON.—Nine souls have come
over on the Lord's side.—Mrs. J. S.
Magee.

PICTON.—God saved my soul a
year and a half ago, and has blessed
me since in every way. "I am lost!
I am lost!" is the cry of thousands
who perish. Oh that there might be
more of God's love shed abroad in
the hearts of the people. A young
man who died near here, when asked
if he was ready to meet God, his face
lit up with the light of Heaven, as he
answered "Yes."—Bombardon.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—An enroll-
ment of seven sisters and five brothers,
among them a mother and a
daughter. The father is a soldier,
and the younger children Juniors. At
the close our comrade left the de-
part. Green has farewelled, after seven
months' earnest fight. Our new Cap-
tain arrived, and although a holiness
meeting, the place was pretty full.—
Secretary Jullin.

TILBURY.—After nearly eight
months' fighting here I had orders to
farewell. The battle has been hard,
but God was enough. We have had
some souls in Guelph, and one the
last night in Tilbury.—Capt. Braut.

WINNIPEG.—Major and Mrs. Read
led meetings, and we rejoiced over
fourteen souls in the Fountain. Back-
sliders reclaimed, sinners saved and
soldiers sanctified.

Mercury is frozen up this way, but not Salvation—unless it's some cold sort. The kind we
believe in is red-hot, and goes for a
walk with the thermometer at 15 below
zero. We welcome Captain McGill and
Lieutenant Orr. Bandmaster Cantor has let us for Wingham.
W. G. A. Soldier.

MOOSEJAW.—Warm-hearted people
gave freely to our pound-meeting. Al-
though the weather is bitter cold,
we fight away for God and sons.—
Lieutenant McLean.

PORT ARTHUR.—Five souls, back-
sliders returning. Our officers farewelled.
Captain and Mrs. Elliott take charge.
Fifteen out for the blessing.

NEEPAWA.—Captured from his Na-
tive Majesty the town clown. Good
catches lately. Twelve for Sal-
vation thirteen for sanctification. The
covert demolished three dollars' worth
of tobacco and pipes in the
store. Can't get people to go home
sometimes.—Lieut. for Unit. It will

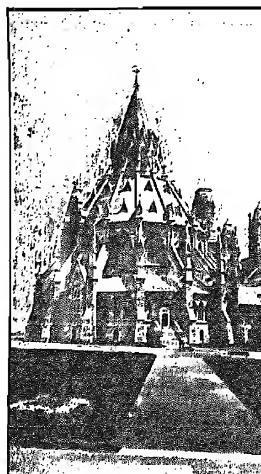
The General's Last Hours in Canada

Visits the Vice-Regal Palace—is Heartily Received—Expounds the Social Scheme to Canada's Greatest Dignitaries.

At eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, the last salute of love and respect had been paid to our beloved General by those who lingered outside the great Massey Hall to assent him to his place in the track, which conveyed him to the Commandant's house. The mighty crowd which filled the ponderous building, and stirred as it had been to the very heart by the eloquent exposition of the wrongs of the poor, and the brave efforts to right them, would have found a splendid background on which might have been portrayed the final scene of this herculean Canadian Campaign.

But it didn't finish there. There were other events yet to follow in the few brief hours left, likely to produce even a greater harvest of blessings than those which are born of the enthusiasm of a mass meeting. There was a little following up of the victory to be done and a fêting of the centre rivet of the whole structure.

And so, after the scanty sleep of a few hours, the General was afoot again, with the Commandant by his side. The 9.05 train caught them up, and fled with them to the Dominion Capital, where it deposited them at exactly six o'clock the same evening.



THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY AT OTTAWA.

Then Ottawa saw a new thing. Muffled in their furs and behind two fiery steeds, seldom excelled in rare beauty, sat the coachman and footman of the Governor General, His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen. At night of the General the footman descended and saluted in true Salvation Army style, fixing up the party in the luxuriant equipage of the representative of Her Majesty. Then off through the streets to the dismay of the public, who stood aghast to behold the seriole of the Salvation budge and uniform behind the Royal horses.

Rideau Hall, Government House, is beautifully located, and as we drove along the broad avenues of trees, till the mansion peeped into sight, we were reminded of the promise of God

that we should stand before Princes, and prevail.

Nothing could exceed the kindly manner in which their Excellencies,

manifested the greatest desire to have all the possibilities of the case explained by the General, and thrashed out.

Then the General spoke, fully explaining his scheme, after which questions were put and answered. At the close of the conference, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, who has been so kind and interested since the first moment he met the General, proposed in an earnest and eloquent address that the



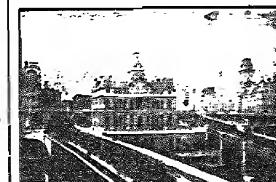
Lord and Lady Aberdeen, received us. The General was no stranger to them, of course. They had met and conversed before in the Old Land, but the evident and unaffected interest taken by the whole party at Government House in the Salvation Army, the General, and his Colony-over-the-Sea scheme was everything that could be desired.

After a little Soalat over a friendly cup of tea, the Governor-General led the way to the great hall of his stately dwelling. Here was assembled a number of the leading citizens of Ottawa, together with many of Her Majesty's Ministers and Deputy Ministers of the Crown. Among these, there were present Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Haggart, Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, Hon. W. B. Ives, and Hon. A. R. Diekey.

Lady Aberdeen graced the proceedings with her presence, and a home-like and sociable reflection was cast on all by the presence of some members of His Excellency's family, together with the ladies of his household.

Lord Aberdeen took the chair and introduced the General with some very kind and eulogistic remarks. There was no backwardness on His Excellency's part in taking a bold stand for the Army and the good it had done. In fact, all through the friendly discussion which followed, the Earl

thanks of all assembled be given to the General for coming to meet them, for his life work, expressing the hope that something might be done to benefit the world at large and Canada in particular.

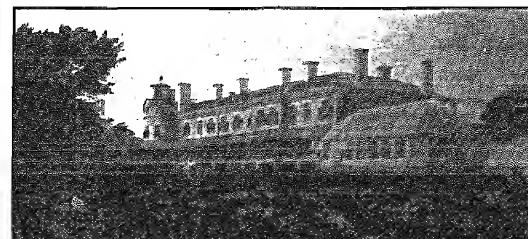


POST OFFICE SQUARE, OTTAWA,
Where our open-air meetings are held.

Then a few more private and friendly words with His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, and with renewed good wishes for the success of our great Army, we hastened to the carriage awaiting us and drove to the midnight train for Toronto.

Certainly our first visit to Government House had been pleasant and successful, and who shall say how great will be the results springing from so memorable a conference on so momentous a subject!

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.



RIDEAU HALL, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE AT OTTAWA.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

GOOD-BYE, GENERAL.

Farewell at the Union Depot.

WHAT A WHIRL were those six days! They were a whirl for us who were hearers. What must they have been for him, upon whom, humanly speaking, the whole thing pivoted? Yet there he stood at the step of the railway train, the man upon whom a million pair of eyes—eyes of love and loyalty, are continually focused—our General, a true prophet of God, as many souls Heaven-blessed in the just-past campaign can witness. True, the unkindly crowd jostled past, and refused to allow him to speak without interruption, but we know the world, his hands are still restrained, and under his revered surface the Magazine is still despised.

IT WAS A NOBLE SIGHT to see our General, after all his toilsome six months campaigning, in his last few moments in Canada, inciting his Canadian troops to holy living and Salvation fighting.

THE SEND OFF WAS INFORMAL. No particular arrangements had been made, nevertheless a large number were present to fire a parting volley.

THE GENERAL IN SAYING FAREWELL, declared he had been glad to meet us, had liked us better as we went along, and that that affection was mutual.

He had had adverse influences to cope with such as would not be revealed till the Great Day, still the Irish had been triumphant, and throughout the whole of his victorious campaign from Halifax to Victoria, he had gone away from no place with greater satisfaction at the work accomplished than Toronto. (Vivians.)

He left Toronto without a fear as to our loyalty.

"To God," continued the General, "to the poor. They are our constituency, and in being a friend to the poor you will be a friend to the rich also. The religion of love—love to God and man—is the true religion. May you all get that religion, if you have it not. Do not put anything in the place of loving God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself. If you ask, 'Who is my neighbor?' I answer, 'The submerged.' Live for them, that's your business, go and do it. God bless you 10,000 times! Amen.

THE BELL RANG.

The ponderous cars began to glide slowly away.

The General's tall figure stopped on the ladder—a wave—a volley—a burst of music from the band—he was gone.

THE DRINK.

1. It is an evil.
2. No one in our ranks shall manufacture it.

3. No one in our ranks shall partake of it.

4. We are prepared to do something toward its abolition. — The General, at Toronto.

The prison population of England fell from 20,833 in 1878 to 12,653 in 1892. This remarkable falling off is attributed to increased police efficiency, the establishment of industrial schools, the reformation of criminals in prison, and the development of societies to aid them on their discharge.

Press

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Press Echoes

—OF—

TORONTO CAMPAIGN.

The Toronto "Globe" Speaks up well for the Army.

The Saturday following the General's Campaign in Toronto the Toronto "Globe" devoted nearly all its always interesting supplement to illustrations of Salvation Army celebrities, and the work of the organization.

The *Mail and Empire* also gave the Army an excellent presentation in their supplement.

The following are some selections from the papers which will no doubt prove interesting reading to our comrades at a distance from the administrative centre:—

Man, Tall, Long-bearded
and lean, with striking, high-commanding features—flashing eye, and unquenchable intellect, a keen and ever-interested intellect, a wonderfully full of that personality which is a necessary gift for leaders of men, has for the past few months been

wondering about this continent, has in the last few days been in Toronto, and wherever he has gone.

General William Booth

has been greeted, not alone by every demonstration that the love, the loyalty, the unwavering, unquestioning devotion of his followers can contrive, but by the all but unanimous attention, respect, even reverence, of millions who have no part in his work, who ordinarily never set foot in the barracks of the Salvation Army. Truly these be changes from 1865, when two officers represented the available forces of the then small Salvation Army; an organization first obscure, then notorious; as on the one hand scorned by that "respectability" which has so denuding an effect upon zeal, and on the other hand the object of brutal violence on the part of the classes it was endeavoring to reach; now famous, having extorted recognition from respectability and trained the degraded to recognize in it a friend. The striking and not invariably beautiful uniform, the countant, aggressive, and sometimes noisy methods of work, the enormous semi-military phraseology and slang, discipline have come to be accepted as a regular factor in the forces which make for righteousness in a community; while the late years not thousands merely, but millions who find little or nothing to attract them in the spiritual side of the Army's work, have been roused to

sympathy and interest in the bold and intelligent attack which this young organization has made upon the social difficulties which are troubling so largely now in the problems of the age. As the General looks down into the faces of vast audience after audience, he must be acutely sensible of the difference between now and the time, not so very long ago, when "fanatic" and "fan" were the mildest epithets that were applied to the Salvationists, and the veteran workers must be equally alive to the change from the days when almost every parable was a record of insult and bodily outrage, not unacceptable to the public, to the time by a reversion to the Old Adam, and a definite buster on the part of a sorely-tried converted pestil.—*The Globe*.

tbird, by uniting in every effort to abolish the traffic by legislation.—Templar.

While the Chairman, Sir Oliver Mowat,

was speaking, a thin cloud of smoke came through the registers into the hall. It created a good deal of disturbance, and but little would have sent the great audience pell-mell towards the doors. But the Army authorities, as a whole, and General Booth, in particular, displayed great courage and tact, and the incipient panic was allayed.—*The Globe*.

The World in General has

laughed and jeered at the Army, and at last has come to regard it with respect. It has done this test of time, having been in existence 30 years. Even its severest critics confess that it has done much more good than harm. More friendly observers say that its history has been a useful protest against the growing commercialism of the Christian Church, and that it has accomplished a work which could not have been done, or at any rate would not have been done, by any other agency.—*The Mail and Empire*.

"Let the Salvation Soldiers sing, and the sooner you can feel as they feel, and sing as they sing, the better it will be for you."

PETERBORO CORPS' OFFICERS AND BAND.

PHOTOGRAPHED JANUARY 1st, 1895



CAPT. CAMERON
GEORGE MULALYNE.
WILL CUNNINGHAM.
RALPH BRAUND.
HENRY GREEN.
JOHN MILLER.
WILLIE GIBSON.
WILL PATERSON.
MRS. BRAUND.
HARRY EDMONSON.
CARLOS GREEN.
TOM REDDOR.
J. M. GREEN.
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
EDDIE PEACOCK.
EVISON McDONALD.
MRS. GREEN.
GEORGE COMSTOCK.
HARRY CHATTE.
THOMAS MICHAEL.
JOHN CURRIE.

No section of our Army Corps at Peterboro furnishes more effective assistance in the prosecution of the Salvation War than does our Brass Band. They work harmoniously together, they are not saved to their instruments, but are prepared to lay down their instruments when necessary, and plead with God in prayer for the salvation of souls. God bless every member of the Peterboro Corps Band!

THE WAR CRY.

NEXT WEEK!

A "CRY" FULL OF PRAISE.

Self-Denial Results.

NEXT WEEK!

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the salvation of the world, together with the propagation of the principles of the Christian life. Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

FIGHT ON!

WAR is the lot of the Salvationist. He must fight. Jehovah, his God, is still called; Christ, his compassionate Saviour, is still rejected; the mysterious Heavenly Comforter, who has come to his heart, is still grieved away by the self-centred crowd, and while this continues he must fight for God and righteousness. Let no one imagine that the great wave of popularity which is just now elevating the Army to fame has altered the conditions of our warfare one whit. The world, and the devil, are still opposed to God, and guilty of the blood of His Son, and we are still free to flee with a world of unhumbed sinners who must be brought to submit to God. There can be no truce in this fight till every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Christ to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Wherefore we hereby call upon every soldier in the Army in Canada and Newfoundland to afresh gird on the armour of God and go forth to "fight the Giants" of sin in the Name and Strength of the Lord God Almighty.

SACRIFICE FOR WAR-OURS
AND THEIRS!

WAR! What scenes of transient pomp and gory agony paint themselves in panoramic procession across the imagination at thought of that death-knell word. Look below the surface of the figures appearing in this week's War Cry under the heading "A Gloriously Recorded," and think of that sacrifice of precious lives! What a sacrifice! And at what an altar! Think of these battlefields!

Look at the glazed eyes of the dead. They lie gazing up into space, as if in mute appeal to Heaven against this butchery. Compare this sacrifice with the poor attempt Christ's soldiers make, and see if your heart will not burn with desire to do something for the great Name and Cause to which you are exposed. Oh brothers! Christ says "Go," and "Broken hearts and blighted hopes, Slaves of sin and degradation, Wait for YOU in love to bring, Holy peace and liberation.

THE OVER-THE-SEA
COLONY.

SHOULD THE OVER-THE-SEA COLONY be located in Canada, it will be a huge success and will benefit the Dominion equally as much as it will benefit the Colonists themselves. The Salvation Army has too much horse sense to continue a thing which does not succeed, and in this instance it has too much sense to commence the enterprise unless its success is fairly assured. Some of the

The celebrated Dr. Joseph Cook, the Great Boston Monday Lecturer, signalizes the General's visit to Boston by composing the following beautiful poem.

BOSTON HYMN.

SHEEP AND WOLVES,

A War Cry for the Salvation Army, Sung at the Park Street Church,

AT THE 244TH BOSTON MONDAY LECTURE, FEB. 18TH, 1895,

On the occasion of

General Booth's Visit to Boston.

TUNE.—Rock of Ages.

Pity, Lord, the crippled poor,
Age and childhood lacking bread;
Thou who all our ills canst cure,
Hast not where to lay Thy head;
Lazarus at the rich man's gate
Lift from out his low estate.

Fill with soul our callous clay,
Melt our hearts of polished stone;
Thou, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Listen to Thy creatures' moan:
Dives teach to shun the flame
Kindled by his evil name.

Sluggards with their garden wall
Broken through, by weeds o'ergrown,
Rouse to reason's trumpet call:
Man must reap what he has sown.
Famine falls to drones and fools;
Willing hands find fitting tools.

Wolves within Thy human fold,
Turn Thou from their bloody quest;
Fiendishness in fitters hold,
Serpents slay in East and West:
Let Thy lightnings cleanse with flame
All our heights and depths of shame.

Prodigals with husks for bread
Homeward call to food divine;
Souls in sin and trespass dead,
Raise to life and bliss in Thine:
Lift Thy Cross on land and sea,
Rich are all if one in Thee.

JOSEPH COOK.

"And he said unto them, (He says it to us) Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

PART-SINGING AND SOUL-SAVING.

PASSING DOWN A TORONTO STREET towards home late one night recently, we were suddenly entranced by a burst of harmony borne along on the still night air. Instantly we stayed our hurried footsteps to drink in the music. The harmony, we found, proceeded from some six or seven youths, who were making a concert for the benefit of an applauding audience of their chums, who stood near by. The dear fellows were, some of them, slightly the worse for drink; nevertheless, after a few minutes' chat, one of the number voted a song for the Army brother, to which all agreed, whereupon

"Almost persuaded"

was essayed, but they were ill at ease with those solemn words, and had another try at

"Lie me in my little bed."

which advice, if carried out, would certainly have been the likeliest thing for their comfort; but the fact remained, their music was fascinating, and we coveted them for God and the Army.

THERE IS A MINE OF WEALTH in the spiritual realm in this part singing. The Commandant said only literal truth when he told Toronto comrades that more souls could be brought to decision for Christ through singing than by any other means.

TAKING, FOR INSTANCE, the singing of Colonel Lawley and Major Main. How they have moved the crowds as they blared their voices for God and souls.

"WHAT IS NEEDED is that the singers should have a single eye for God's glory, and look right straight to Jesus for the Holyunction to accompany their song. In very soon the pentitent's soul will be heard. We have a wealth of most powerful songs which cannot be excelled for soul-saving purposes, and yet comparatively little is being done with them. Let us bring out this talent, comrades."

THE DRINK TRAFFIC is a great evil, an affliction to humanity, and a curse to mankind," said the General in his Sunday afternoon remarks at the Massey Music Hall, Toronto. The Army has from the first taken front rank in this fight against the fight against the Drink. We expect to see the day when, through God's grace, Canada shall be delivered from the Drink affliction by the intelligent vote of its law-abiding people; till that day the watchword is "no quarter."

International News.

INDIA.

The air is thick with preparations for boom marches. Brigadier Eshwar Das is leading an attack upon the vast Hindoo-speaking populations of the Northwest Provinces. Major Jaya Kodli is occupying fresh territory at the Cape. Brigadier Musa Bai is bang full of plans for a great Salvation bazaar in Ceylon.

Social departures, Educational departments, and Training Home extensions are very busy upon the General's heart. Commissioner Booth-Tucker will consult with our Indian leaders upon the spot and take back a full budget of proposals, which will probably be the biggest effort yet made for the salvation of the heathen.

The General visits India at the fag-end of '95. Every Field Officer is pushing ahead with developments which are to leave even the Jubilee year's record in the shade.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Meetings at Kimberley have been crowded with blessing. After a prolonged and desperate struggle there was a shaking among the dry bones, and some thirty-eight or forty souls came forward on the Sunday, half of whom were for salvation.

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MRS. BOOTH

Holds Council with
Ontario's Lassie Officers.

THE POWER OF SANCTIFIED WOMANHOOD.

"Better Shine and Perish than Rust."



SPONTANEOUS CHEER, heartfelt and prolonged, was the response to the first announcement that Mrs. Booth would meet the women of the Staff and Field in the Jubilee Hall, on the morning of the General's public farewell.

A red-letter day in very deed was this long-to-be-remembered council, when we gathered around our beloved leader for a few rare hours of communion with God and one another in true sister-fellowship, throwing aside all burden of care and anxiety of responsibility.

It was impossible for anyone to enter amongst that little company of noble warriors without being impressed with the all-pervading tone of sweet unity and oneness of purpose, the only prayer and hearts' desire being that each and all might be drawn definitely nearer to God and Heaven for the sake of suffering sinners and a dying world.

After a few preliminary prayers and choruses raised by ardent hearts, and fervent voices, we were all inspired by the sight of Mrs. Brigadier Margaret's earnest eyes. Many could sympathise with her, as she announced that, as far as her own personal being was concerned, she would always far rather creep into a back seat and sit by other people, than God. She always sought to give her grace to rise above her feelings. She also voiced the sentiments of everybody when she spoke of the blessing she had received whilst listening to the General during the whole campaign.

WOULD ALL BE SORRY TO PART WITH ADJUTANT SOUTHLAND FROM HEADQUARTERS. He will take with him to his new field of labor, to be announced later, our blessings and hopes. For Major Read we bespeak a hearty welcome, and a great success. Now, you Grace Before Meant Agents, get ready for another charge.

The General took the Staff by storm when he suddenly announced that after much careful consideration, he thought the time had arrived for the revival of the Chief Secretarship in Canada. In this the Commandant quite concurred. While at the time of the inauguration of the Provincial System, this office was hardly necessary, and while its absence but perhaps served, as little else could, to press upon the Provincial Officer his responsibilities and privileges. Yet so greatly has the work developed and increased, and so

she had hardly realized where she was living; but she had been drawn nearer to God, and had made new resolutions to be more than ever straight and pointed in her dealing with souls.

Mrs. Brigadier Scott, looking bright and happy, praised the Lord she was saved and kept by the blood, though she, too, often felt as if she were one of the weakest, nevertheless, she realises that the Lord is with her constantly.

Mr. Staff-Captain McMillan dwelt with deep feeling upon her affection for the war and the Army, urging the younger officers, who were not fettered with home ties, as she is, to value their matchless privileges as officers fighting in the field.

A number of testimonies followed, interposed by Mrs. Booth with commendation, and chorus, or words of encouragement and council.

Mrs. Booth commenced her hearty and practical address by expressing herself as delighted to see once more her women-officers. From the oft-repeated volleys and cheers there could be no question as to the pleasure being reciprocal. Our leader has found a very warm place in the affections of the whole field, as deep-rooted and ever-increasing as amongst her immediate care — the workers of the Rescue Staff. Many an unconscious demonstration of affection or breathless petition to Heaven on her behalf, bore witness to the fact that we not only recognise, but sincerely appreciate the coveted privilege of fighting beneath the salvation of the

THE COMMAND OF A WOMAN-LEADER is thick with preparations marches. Brigadier Esham leading an attack upon India-speaking populations throughout Provinces. Major is occupying fresh territory Cape. Brigadier Murray had full of plans for a great blizzard in Cayton.

Departures, educational and Training House extensions, heavily upon the General.

Commissioner Booth will consult with our Indian on the spot and take back report of proposals, which will be the bugbear effort yet the salvation of the

INDIA. At Kimberley have been with blessing. After a protracted struggle there taking among the dry bones, thirty-eight or forty souls were on the Sunday, half

were for salvation.

ONE INTERESTING FEATURE

During the recent big meetings was the marked increase in the sale of literature. Over and above all else was

TERRITORIAL * TOPICS.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The General has come and gone. That is the uppermost thought in everyone's mind. He came. Here is the gladdest note of praise in everybody's music. He went! Hero is the gladdest reflection of all hearts. He must come again! Here is the profoundest wish in the souls of all who saw and heard him.

I cannot now write what must be said about this marvellous tour as a whole. There are lessons in it that take time to tell, and time is a necessity not to find. Next week I hope to give a resume of the Campaign from Newfoundland to the Government House at Ottawa, and the City Hall at Toronto, where the final battles were fought.

The reappearance of Territorial Topics in the War Cry will introduce some surprises.

Major Read, despite the utmost care and skill of the doctors, so seriously broken down, to necessitate his immediate recall from Winnipeg. He comes to Toronto where, after a little rest, he is to take the oversight of the Department, so well developed and run by our old comrade, Adjutant Southall. In future Major and Mrs. Read will rank as the Financial Secretaries, and Major Streeton will be known as Councillor of the Exchequer.

We shall all be sorry to part with Adjutant Southall from Headquarters.

He will take with him to his new field of labor, to be announced later, our blessings and hopes. For Major Read we bespeak a hearty welcome, and a great success. Now, you Grace Before Meant Agents, get ready for another charge.

The General took the Staff by storm when he suddenly announced that after much careful consideration, he thought the time had arrived for the revival of the Chief Secretarship in Canada. In this the Commandant quite concurred. While at the time of the inauguration of the Provincial System, this office was hardly necessary, and while its absence but perhaps served, as little else could, to press upon the Provincial Officer his responsibilities and privileges. Yet so greatly has the work developed and increased, and so

then there is that Circle Corps Scheme, which as yet has hardly been started, to say nothing of the Junior Soldiers' War, which the General desires we should develop immediately as a monument of his visit. Well, all this and much more, demands an increase of capable help, at Toronto. It has, therefore, been decided in conference with the General, to appoint a General Secretary, who shall act as General Assistant to the Chief Secretary in the oversight and direction of the War. That man is Brigadier Jacobs, who will fill him with all our hearts, and hope for him the interest, and prayers, and obedience of the entire Field.

Then there are other changes, both provincial and otherwise. For further developments, however, I must refer my readers to next week's "Territorials."

There was no doubt we had made considerable advance since the last time of meeting, when the question of uniform had been discussed. It was decided to encourage to glance round the hall and see at once the improvement in simple uniformity of uniform. With but two or three exceptions, every sister, of whatever rank, looked neat and trim in the regulation wear, previously decided upon.

Long and urgently Mrs. Booth insisted on the desirability, above and beyond all else, that each, personally, should see to her own soul's welfare, building up a more and more beautiful character, by constant watchfulness and prayer, and human, teachable dependence upon God. She reverted touchingly to a letter recently received from her father, Major School, in which he queries: "What would it profit though you should win all Canada, and suffer in your own soul?" Pointedly the question was put to each to ask ourselves,

"WHY AM I AN OFFICER?

It is because I have a burning love for souls?"

Possibly the greatest emphasis was set upon this point—the necessity for that eager spirit that craves for souls, souls; that exclaims, "I will not eat till I see souls saved;" the spirit that writhes for souls; that concludes, "If I do not see souls saved, there must be something wrong."

Whilst we are at our work, let us realise our great privilege, let us be wrapped up in it day and night, and God will look after our temporal needs.

10c. per Copy.

THE BREWER'S GHOST.

ENLARGED * NOW

EDITION. * READY.

- THE - GENERAL.

Latest American News.

GIGANTIC SUCCESSES!

The General again steps into the States. New Music Hall, Buffalo, gorged 3,700 people, including Bishops, Senators, and Generals, touched to tears and dollars by the General's recital and earnestness. Storms of greeting. Holy enthusiasm. Friday morning and afternoon devoted to officers. Commander Ballington, previous to the General's arrival, captured sixty-eight souls.

Boston, a triumph of triumphs. Full report next week. Hallelujah for ever.

TERRITORIALS.

THE COMMANDANT, since the General's departure, has been plunged up to the eyebrows in a multitude of business matters and interviews in connection with the staff changes and numerous other affairs. We regret to say he is again very far from well, suffering considerably with heart trouble.

THE GREAT STAFF CHANGE takes place simultaneously with this issue.

MAJOR READ, who has been a trifling better lately, farewells from Winnipeg, where, with Mrs. Read he has toiled continuously and earnestly, and arrived in Toronto, March 3rd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN McMILLAN leaves Toronto for Montreal. During the General's visit the Workmen's Hotel and Woodyard were kept very busy with orders, so many, indeed, that it was difficult to keep pace with them. The pressure was rendered heavier through the exceptionally cold weather, and the serious illness of Captain T. Adams. We are glad to report his comparative recovery.

THE SOCIAL FARM lies wrapped in beautiful snow, but all is in activity, with industrious hope, looking forward to the breaking up of the winter, hie-and-hye.

BRIGADIER DE BAKERIT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER has also been on the sick list. An attack of inflammation of the lungs caused keen anxiety on her behalf, and it was thought necessary to call in two doctors. The crisis is past, however.

THE SECOND EDITION of "The Brewer's Ghost" is a larger pamphlet, and on better paper.

ENSIGN ANIE is holding on for a month at the Temple, whilst Captain Savage has left for Lindsay.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPIRITUAL SUPPLEMENT of the coming Easter "War Cry" is already in the hands of Press.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH asserts that the Trade Department has a new line of uniform that promises to put all male soldiers into regulation wear.

ONE INTERESTING FEATURE

the demand for books in the store, showing the healthy appetite that exists among our folks for intellectual food.

A LARGE AND EXQUISITELY COLORED COPY of the Christmas Supplement is for sale in the Trade Department. It is mounted and framed, size 32 inches by 39. Price, \$15.

CAPTAIN McCLENNAGAN was married at Bowmerville. Brigadier de Barratt performed the ceremony.

Yonge Street, Toronto, was unusually crowded Massey Hall-way last night. What was it? The United Workmen's great concert.

N. B. — SINGING DREW THE CROWDS.

MRS. MCKILLOP nee Miss Macdonald, daughter of the late Senator Macdonald, who for some years has been associated with Territorial Headquarters, has left for Jamison, where we pray God's blessing may attend her labors for Him.

WE HAVE GIVEN the Field a page of Colonel Lawley's songs this week. They will make capital material for a commencement at the part singing devotions in our editorial columns.

WE SHALL BE GLAD to hear from F. O. who try this method of saving sinners.

GLEN RAE (outpost from Petrolia) — This is a flourishing little town with about twenty soldiers. Sgt. Major Lucas and wife are in charge, and are doing a grand work. This brother, his wife and three boys are proper soldiers, and do all in their power to push on the work of God and the Salvation Army. They are prosperous farmers and have two hundred and fifty acres of land, with



a nice farm-house, which is fixed up inside much after the style of an officer's quarters. Lots of mottoes, scripture texts, etc. It's a little heaven on earth for all is peace and love. Brother Lucas has rebuilt a log house at the other end of his farm for a barracks, and this is kept as



clean and neat as a new pin. Most every Sunday night one hundred people pack into it, and many souls have been saved. A few weeks ago we enrolled six recruits, and two souls got saved, and four stood up for prayer. Also this week Mrs. Miller and myself spent a few days with our comrades, and had two souls, and six hands up for prayer.—Ensign Miller.

ST. THOMAS.—Some three months ago the soldiers of this corps welcomed Captain McLeod as their new officer. During his stay in St. Thomas he took for himself a wife, who will not only be a spiritual blessing and helper to himself, but a blessing to many others. While they have been here they have worked hard, and souls have been saved. But farewell orders have come, and our soldiers are sorry to see them go. On Sunday they gave their farewell address to a very large audience. We had with us Secretary Lowe, of the Y. M. C. A., who gave some startling notes of the work. At our soldiers' meeting the soldiers' interest was in grand style. Wednesday we had farewells and coffee meeting. We had with us the Rev. Mr. McLeod, and Rev. Mr. Spencer. Cadet Payton farewelled for the work.—Robert Goodchild.

Millions up in glory
Give their all to Jesus blood;
Millions now in battle,
Live beneath the keeping flood;
Millions more through mercy
Shall plunge in and serve our God.
Oh! boundless, cleansing stream.

THE WEST.

MAJOR READ.

PROVINCIAL WAR OFFICE.

True, the physical condition of the writer was not very robust. For several weeks sickness had been trying its best to hold him back from the battle's front. He had spent many weeks within the walls of Provincial Headquarters. No wonder, then, that his heart yearned to say goodbye to at least some of his brave troops, whom he had learned to love. Starting out with Ensign Rawlings, they made tracks first for Moosomin, having previously decided to take in Moosomin, Brandon, Carberry, Rapid City, Neepawa and Portage la Prairie.

Round Rolled the Day

on which we were to start. Moosomin lies two hundred miles west from Winnipeg, just outside of Manitoba, and in Assinibola. Around this little fort the devil has built some strong ramparts—curling, skating, and like Satanic amusements hinder and bar God's work. Churches? Plenty of them; but! — "This is about the coldest morning we have had, about 40 degrees below zero," said Sgt. Major Lowes, as he came into the quarters with his frozen-up milk-can. Such degrees of frost, however, fail to freeze up this faithful brother's soul. Moosomin is land of plenty, so much so, that for Captain Parsons' wife took to one of the back rooms, where was hanging a quarter of beef. "We get all the food we need," said the Captain, gaily. "One hundred and fifty in our meeting last Sunday night," said Cadet Stewart. Several souls have been saved since the arrival of the above Field Officers, so that all this news cheered and inspired us along. Mr. Read and Captain F. E. Sheen gaily mounted the provincial bridge during our absence. Following will be found details of our travels in diary form, which may read better than long string sermonizing:

MOOSOMIN, Thursday 31st.—Arrived 2 a. m. Thirty below zero. Bed at 4 a. m. Up at 9. Painting home-made bibles attracted the eye, with startling headings about "Separate Schools," "A twin Disaster," "250 Lives Lost," "Great Salvation Home Spell and Cavalry," etc. Business with Field Officers. Shin crowd, freezing barracks, but "live" conquered and

Four Cried for Mercy.

Ensign got eloquent. Major waxed Righteously indignant. Shivers trembled. Finished up with Salvation Homecoming, tired, sleepy, bed.

FRIDAY.—Cried again, way below zero. "Cold, blowin' wind, wind across the moor." Jumped out of bed last night thinking house on fire. Ensigns, Captain Jarvis and Stewart "dossing" on floor near crackling stove.

"All's Well."

into bed again. Interviewed an ex-Officer. Beautiful p. m. Soldiers' and Recruits' Council. Wrote an article for the "Cry" called "And now may the grace." Met a Presbyterian who thought mortality would get him to heaven. One sister cried for deliverance in the Hallelujah meeting. Two uninvited men followed us to quarters, plodded about, come in, and both got triumphantly saved. A few farewells shots and Moosomin is left behind.

SATURDAY.—Boarded train for Brandon at 3 a. m. Ensign Goodwin in good spirits. Ensign Rawlings dropped off at Alexander to see his father. O, so cold! Sick in body. Night meeting at Barracks called "Hallelujah menagerie." Swedish "Oscar" alias "Bless the Lord," all alive. Crowd interested. After Soldiers' and Recruits' meeting. Pledged loyalty, unity and hard work for coming Sunday.

SUNDAY.—

Zero-ic Atmosphere.

Not knee-drill at quarters. Three definitely sought and found holiness. Ensign Rawlings arrived from Alexander. Four sought the blessing at the close of the 11 a. m. meeting. It was good. Big crowd in afternoon. Father Earl did "the Haunter" in fine style. "Oscar," the Prince's son, danced in good trim. Soldiers' Council

all at close of afternoon meeting. Salvation described. Big crowd at night. "The rich man and Lazarus" depicted. Skating rinks, are like worldly amusements, bombarded. Devil didn't like it. One dear sister volunteered. Colored "Bruder John" said "Member me in yl pyras." Fine Farewell Council with Soldiers and Recruits.

MONDAY.—Train, eleven hours late. Serious delay. Snow blockades. Soldiers set-off on Brandon. Bound for Carberry. Study, lusty voices welcomed us at Carberry. Sick, sick, sick. Dragged to meeting. Plodded through. Good-bye Council.

TUESDAY.—Train nine hours late. Missed connections at Portage for Neepawa and Rapid City. Started home for Winnipeg. Sick! sick! sick!!!

NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR MORRIS.

PROVINCIAL WAR OFFICE.

Amidst all our trouble and agitation politically, the Salvation Army marched forward. The political party in power declares Confederation the remedy for all our evils.

The opposite party declares a Royal Commission is what we need to come into our State affairs. To follow up this others our people would become confused. So we have made up our mind to trust God and work. This is being done all over the Island, some corps going up to 30 per week. There seems

Nothing but Starvation Point

to reach from a temporal standpoint, but viewing the whole matter through the telescope of God's promise, it draws bread and water much nearer.

I will quote a few extracts from letters:

ENSIGN FREEMAN writes: I am pleased to let you know that the work is going on well around the district. Last Sunday we had a good day at Carbonear, with one soul. They have had three at Scilly Cove. I went to Dildo and enrolled seven recruits and had two souls. Next night a wedding, with two more saved. I walked to the station next morning and also walked from Harbour Grace to Carbonear. I felt real sick.

CAPTAIN PAYNE writes: "Taking the work in general, nearly every corps is in good fighting trim, quite as good as they were previous to this depression in money matters."

Bird Island Cove reports to me since they started the children's work that they can reckon on 25 saved children, and quite a few big ones have been saved recently.

At the meeting at Cataina, Bonavista, the brigadier's little girl has been very ill, causing a great deal of anxiety and care for Brigadier and Mrs. De Barratt.

The reports from a great many corps in the province are very encouraging. A number of sinners are coming home to God. Some of the hardest places are reporting souls, including Port Perry, where several got saved lately.

At the present many of our comrades are very sick, including Captain Hardman and Captain Ferguson. The brigadier's little girl has been very ill, causing a great deal of anxiety and care for Brigadier and Mrs. De Barratt.

Let us pray for our sick comrades everywhere and for their restoration.

—W. J. Turner.

EAST ONTARIO.

My friends, I must be brief, because it's my belief, that if I write too long, my piece will be gone, into the Waste-paper basket.

Meeting first night at Deseronto, conducted by Staff-Captain Sharp, and officers from Napanee, Bloomfield, Picton, and Deseronto. Fine crowd. Captains Yuen and Betts sang solos in French.

Drove back to Picton. Very cold snowstorm. Nearly in a snow-bank.

PICTON.—Still snowing. First-rate meeting.

Up for knee-drill. Still blowing and snowing. God blessed us. Wellness meeting on the mark.

Afternoon meeting ditto, stormy.

Evening meeting. Three children march preceding it. Three children dedicated to God and the Salvation Army by Staff-Captain Sharp.

Night very fair audience. Powerful time and two souls.

Staff-Captain Sharp, drove across ice to Deseronto, and took train to Kingston, while Lieutenant Morris went alone to Bloomfield next day.

Drove through storm. Had to keep eyes open or they would have frozen shut. Had a march over snow drifts; got a few miles and dealt scarcely with them. The two reached home a day or so after each other, not through, and go at the ink and paper war again.—F. M.

SING

"I will pre
giving." Look at
comrades; he sa

THIS PAGE

which have never
us, we are sure, by
our thousands of co
Colonel Lancings
campaign. May t
ation continue to
ill every captive
through the Blood o

JESUS CAN

Tune.—"Safe in t
or "Calvary's
B. J. M. S.

In Jesus' name
Assemble here
Knowing that
To answer we
We're asking, s
Thou canst g
For streams ou
A flood-tide, C

Give a fu
Send us a fu
Free us from

This saving, cle
Makes glad th
It flows for "w

This fountain
Brings us from
Touch to the
This river of Sa
Makes clean t

Hard after The

Like Jesus w
Our sin fill us
Come, Lord, a
Not half, but fu
Making our li
Then we shall b
And in Thine

For deeper d
For hoier he
Still length and
There is a sea
One plunge will
One plunge will
One plunge will

For joy, both

No limit to the
No limit to the
Offered to the

This moment He
This moment

This moment

Second

I have a fu
I feel the
Made free fr
Jesus has

Third

Tune.—"Scatter

Weary wanderer,

While I sing of

Which did I sin?

From the riches

Did the Prince

In the world He

While He sought

Ch

HARK, HEA

OUR KN

Tune.—"Scatter

Weary wanderer,

While I sing of

Which did I sin?

From the riches

Did the Prince

In the world He

While He sought

Ch

SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.

"I will praise the name of God, and will magnify Him with thanks giving." Look at the conditions under which David begins to give thanks to his comrades; he says in the verse before, "I am poor and sorrowful."

"What, give thanks when one is poor, and sing when one is sorrowful? It doesn't seem quite natural, and it certainly isn't usual. No, it is above a natural thing to do—it can only be done through grace."

THIS PAGE OF SONGS, some of which have never before been published, will, we are sure, be much appreciated by our thousands of comrades who have heard Colonel Lawley sing on the General's recent campaign. May the Army's songs of salvation continue to re-echo round the world till every captive heart of deliverance through the Blood of the Lamb.—Ed.

JESUS CAN FULLY SAVE

Tune.—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus," or "Calvary's Stream is Flowing," B. J. 51; M. S. L. 48.

In Jesus' name His people Assemble here to-day, Knowing that He is able To answer while we pray; We're asking, seeking, knocking, Thou canst give all we need, For streams our souls are thirsting, A flood-tide, O Lord, we plead.

Chorus.

Give us a full salvation, Send us a cleansing wave, Free us from condemnation, Jesus can fully save.

This saving, cleansing river Makes glad the saints of God; It flows for "whosoever," This fountain filled with blood, Brings rest from condemnation, Truth to the inward part; This river of Salvation, Makes clear the foulest heart.

Hard after Thee we follow, Like Jesus we would be; Our sin will us with sorrow, Come, Lord, and set us free; Not I, but fallen sin has, Mocked us for living dirndl; Then we shall be victorious And in Thine image shine.

For deeper depths of blessing, For holier heights above, Still length and breadth surpassing, There is a sea of love, One plunge will end thy doubting, One plunge drive fears away, One plunge will set them shouting For joy, both night and day.

No limit to the mercy, No limit to the power, No limit to the victory Offered to thee this hour; This moment He is saying, This moment I believe, This moment Thou art cleansing, This moment I receive.

Second chorus.

I have a full salvation, I feel the cleansing wave, Melted ice from condemnation, Jesus has fully saved.

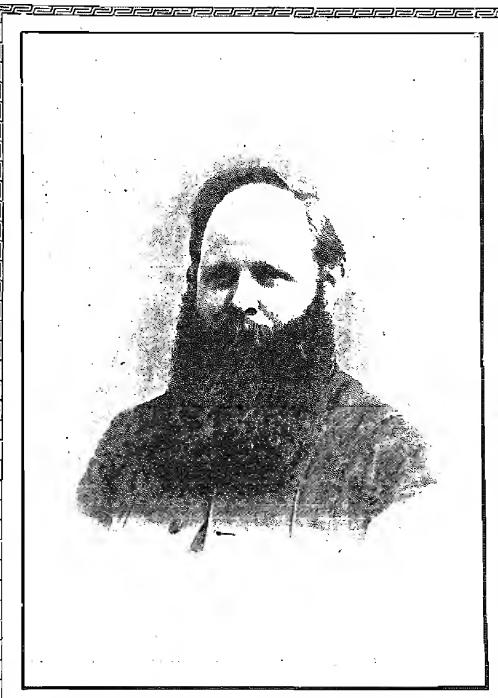
HARK, HEAR THE SAVING KNOCKING

Tune.—"Scatter seeds of kindness."

Wearied wanderer, will you listen While I sing of dying love? Which did make the Saviour hasten From the highest realms above; In a stable and a manger Did the Prince of Glory lay, In the world He was a stranger, While He sought for souls astray.

Chorus.

Hark! hear the Saviour knocking, Will you let Him enter now?



COLONEL LAWLEY, the General's A. D. C.

Whose unctimented singing, in company with Major Malan's, was made a blessing to many at the

Toronto Campaign.

In the upper room, beseeching, Faith the promise seized; Hearts united, Godward reaching, Love and all believed. Piercing blessings fell from Heaven, Stammering tongues set free, Holy Ghost to them was given, With this Lord, bless me.

IS THINE HEART RIGHT?

Tune.—"Whither pilgrim are you going?" B. J. 69; S. M. L. 1, 211.

Wanting—hearts baptized with fire, Hearts completely cleansed from sin;

Hearts that will go through the fire, Hearts that dare do all for Him; Hearts that will be firmer, braver, Hearts like heroes gone before, Hearts enjoying Christ's full favor, Hearts to love Him more and more.

Chorus.

Hearts to hoist the colors bravely, Hearts to take part in the fight, Hearts who know their duty clearly, Hearts to dare and do the right.

Hearts that beat true, ever, always, Hearts that can for others feel, Hearts that prove the traitor never, Hearts that will the wounded heal, Hearts overflowing with compassion, Hearts who changed by grace.

Divine.

Hearts aglow with full salvation, Hearts to do Thy will, not mine.

Hearts like Jesus, pure and holy, Hearts that in His image shine, Hearts to turn from sin and folly, Hearts to seek no way but Thine; Hearts where to the Saviour given, Hearts possessed with dying love, Heaven, on earth, but filled with.

Heaven.

Hearts inspired from above.

FULL AND FREE SALVATION.

Tune.—"John Brown's body."

Higher come this river flows To wash your sins away; Plunge now in, there's cleansing, Don't delay another day, Full length in these waters With all your burlens lay, Oh! wondrous cleansing stream.

Chorus.

Boundless full and free salvation, Boundless full and free salvation, Boundless full and free salvation, Is flowing here for thee.

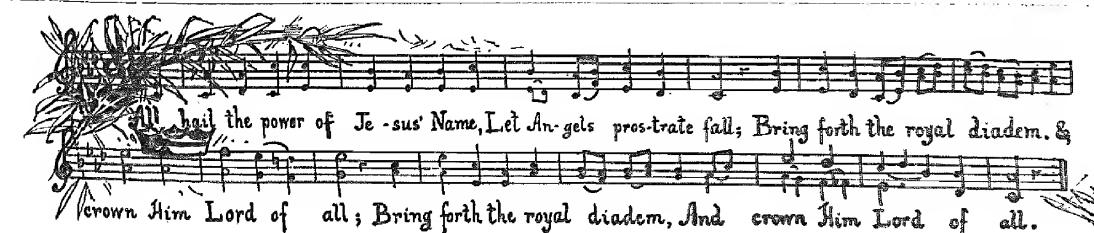
Is there here an Achaz? Who has touched the cursed thing? Come now to these waters, Mind the gold and garments bring.

Leap into the river, Then join our ranks and sing, Oh! boundless cleansing stream, Return to-day, backslider, To this wonder-working stream; If thou wilt, thy past.

Shall be forgotten as a dream, It was at fearful cost, That Christ did thee redeem, Oh! wondrous cleansing stream.

Somewhere about this meeting, There's a doubtful, timid soul; Will you take a bender And beneath the waters roll?

Doubts and fears shall vanish, Jesus Christ shall have control, Oh! boundless, cleansing stream.



HOW THEY DIE.

Lieut. Legge—"Not a doubt nor a fear."

The Army had not opened fire on Garnett at the time of Cadet Legge's conversion.

In a revival meeting he gave his heart to God. After buckling on the armour he met with plenty of persecution to keep it bright. But he fought bravely through it all and never left his post.

While fighting as a soldier his life was admired by all. He was a regular attendant of the meetings, especially knee-drill. He loved to be

In the Thickest of the Fight.

When he received the call for the work it wasn't very long before he found himself going through with his domestic duties in the Training Garrison.

White there he learned many useful lessons, lessons that were the means of giving him a higher degree of spiritual life.

But a serious disease was torturing his system to such an extent that he was forced to take a rest a few weeks after being sent to the field. It was a furlough indeed, for it ended in the everlasting rest. A few months after returning to his home he passed away. During his illness he was well with his soul. At the morrow service a soulful returned.—Captain Benett.

Never Heard to Murmur

or complain. Whenever the officers or comrades would visit him, he would be always cheerful and happy. Just before he died he told his friends he had not a doubt nor a fear it was well with his soul. At the morrow service a soulful returned.—Captain Benett.

The Light Brigade.

THE MAYOR OF STANSTEAD JUNCTION gave a donation to the Social work, and said he was sorry he could not do more.

COATICOKE people were exceptionally kind, and received the G. B. M. boxes gladly.

Mrs. Shurtliff, of SHERBROOKE, is a sister of Captain Bradbitt, and for some time has been the G. B. M. agent at that place.

The Officers and Soldiers of QUEBEC were everything that was kind, visiting the business men of all classes. We found them courteous and liberal.

The Barracks on Sunday night was well attended by a very intelligent class of people.

The boys outside were not quite so orderly. Captain Heiman reported three fights at the door.

Captain Tool, of RICHMOND, not having an agent, promptly collected the boxes herself.

Master BARCLAY, of Chesterville, is still holding on and believing for officers.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Huxtable, of WEST WINCHINTELL, we had the privilege of addressing his large congregation for half an hour on the Social work. The following day some of the principal business men, including the Mayor, contributed liberally to the Social work.

OTTAWA is going ahead fine. L. B. incomes increased. Thirteen souls forward for holiness and salvation.

RENFREW did well. Mrs. Buffett is agent and the work is improving. PEMBROKE returns ten dollars all but four cents.—Adjutant Magee.

"The Silver Cross,"

for January, the organ of the King's Daughters and Sons, shows its sympathy with the social purity reform by drawing attention to the slum work of the Salvation Army, while referring to the Slum Brigade song as one of the Songs of the Klugdom. The chorus runs:

"We scrub the floors and wash the bubbles, too,
And for His sake the work we gladly do."

FROM PICCADILLY TO THE PRECIPICE.



FIRST STAGE—CHARMED.

LAST STAGE—CHAINED.

The above picture is a distasteful reproduction of a "Social Gazette" frontispiece, and is a fair specimen of the kind of heavy shot the "Gazette" fires into the devil's territory weekly. The "Gazette" is one of the fiercest periodicals in the S.A. Besides being the cheapest S.A. newspaper supplied to adults. The price is only one cent.

The City Colony,

IN LONDON, ENGL.

Provides 28 Industries for London's Workless Men and Women.

They are: 1, firewood; 2, carpentry and joinery; 3, cabinet making; 4, sack making; 5, mat making; 6, carpet weaving; 7, tambourine making; 8, brush making; 9, matress making; 10, painting; 11, engineering; 12, tailoring; 14, tin working; 15, paper and rag sorting; 16, tailoring; 17, shoe-making; 18, match making; 19, cardboard box making; 20, bakery; 21, clerks in the offices; 22, a large number are employed, after a certain term of trial, as cooks, waiters, gate-keepers, waiters, and similar employees about our different premises. Women are employed in—23, book-binding; 24, knitting factory; 25, laundry; 26, white sewing; 27, working texts for the walls; 28, domestic work.

CARDINAL MANNING SAYS:

"The worthless are what they are because society of to-day has wrecked them, what then is society doing, or willing to do, to redeem and save the worthless? None is bad that there is not still a hope. But the class of men and youths who came into open day some weeks ago are not to be bettered by neglect, much less by defiance. Goodness will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardened hearts. If the confidence of the worthless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of

A GHASTLY RECORD.

WARS SINCE 1793.

DAY.	BELLWETHERS	EXPENDITURE.		Loss in Men.
		MILLION £.	MILLION £. PER ANNUM.	
1793-1815	England and France.	1,252	60	1,000,000
1828	Russia and Turkey.	29	20	120,000
1839-42	France and Portugal (Civil).	50	5	160,000
1843	France and Algeria.	54	2	100,000
1848	Europe (Civil).	10	10	60,000
1854-60	England, France, Russia.	205	165	450,000
1855	France and Austria.	45	45	60,000
1865-66	India (Sepoy Civil).	70	250	600,000
1866	Prussia and Austria.	20	20	21,000
1869	France and Mexico.	15	15	65,000
1870-71	Prussia and France.	41	8	250,000
1870-71	France and Germany.	210	310	250,000
1876-77	Russia and Turkey.	192	150	190,000

SUMMARY.

PERIOD.	EXPENDITURE. MILLION £.	LOSS OF LIFE. MILLION £.	PER ANNUM.	
			MILLION £.	LOSS OF LIFE.
1790-1820	1,260	1,000,000	45	60,000
1821-1850	113	450,000	4	15,000
1851-1900	220	518,000	85	55,000
1861-1900	1,889	1,872,000	65	70,000
	9,047	4,470,600	28	30,000

—From "The Service of the Church."

Parties wishing to assist the movement may provide those whom they believe to be needy, with tickets, or may send in supplies to the Depot at any time during the day.

The undersigned very cordially commend the Depot to all charitably disposed persons as an object most worthy of their practical support.

JOHN TEAGUE, Mayor.
Victoria, Jan 26th, 1895.

VICTORIA HOME—We are getting on very nicely here. God has blessed us during this past week. It is really beautiful the way in which God supplies our needs. The children are well and happy, older ones going to school love it, praise God. The girls at the Chinese home knitted some stockings for the children, and also made some underwear and sent them along this week. It seemed so nice their thinking of such a practical way of helping. God bless them—Ensign Fitzpatrick.

SAVED!

Specimen of Work Done in Connection with the Social Reform Branch in England.

A cabman was recently charged at Stratford with stealing a coat and umbrella left in his cab. The owner of the property not found. The cabman held a cabman's license. The property was found at his lodgings. Our Officer applied to the Bowes for permission to address them upon the case. He submitted that there was no evidence of felony, that the prisoner should not have been arrested, but brought before the Court upon summons, as he had not dealt with the property, but retained it until the owner was found. It was a Police prosecution. The Magistrates concurred in our Officer's views, and discharged the cabman, whose gratitude knew no bounds. The poor fellow had given up his own case as all but hopeless, he had no witnesses and, of course, could not give evidence himself.

"Come Over and Help Us."

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD, in another of his interesting letters, speaking of the Indians, says:

"There are some fifty thousand of them to save, and our General is greatly interested in this important branch of our work."

In Fort Simpson there are some 150 soldiers, with a brass band of 16 pieces. Port Essington also has a good corps. These are not the converts of the other missions, but of the Army Fire and Spirit.

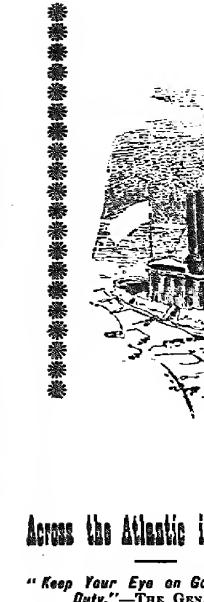
I noticed in the War Cry that they are termed "Alaskan Indians." This is a mistake. Port Simpson and Port Essington are both in British Columbia. These Indians are very intelligent and are intensely loyal to the British flag. Our prospects are bright for a glorious work amongst them.

HE CONTINUES. "Last night, while we were marching out of the Barracks from the open air, a well-known doctor in the city fell dead in a bar-room. Poor fellow, he was a clever doctor, a graduate of Edinburgh University.

We have

Five Thousand Chinese

in this city. Very few are saved. The gambling den recently raided in next door to the church where the General held his crowded meeting with the Mongolians. We have not as yet had any converts from these people here in Victoria. They have just celebrated the advent of the New Year with their usual customs. One of the chief features is that they give away thousands of dollars in gifts, also spend thousands in fireworks. The racket they make night and day for a week is something awful. They finished up yesterday with a funeral. The enclosed piece of paper (a small piece of perforated tissue paper) is one of the many thousands thrown over the horses on the way to the cemetery. This, I am given to understand, is to fool the devil as to where the soul of "John" is on its way to its tomb.



"Keep Your Eyes on God Daily."—The Gen.

The newspapers of late have been thrashed with their daily storm and wreck, fire and especially absorbing have tales from the sea during gales that have swept the last several weeks.

SHROUDED IN IN

many days, overdue, watched for by anxious eye, come at last—the liner, gallantly flinging the first sight of relief from two continents when midnight sun creeps to her at the bar.

And what does the ste

Honor

Capt. Thomas, Victoria
Lieut. Lowrie, London
Capt. Thomas, Victoria
Lieut. Lowrie, London
Capt. Corlett, Nanaimo
Adj. Archibald, Victoria
Major Patterson, Nanaimo
Lieut. Ottawa, London
Lieut. Ottawa, London
Capt. Anderson, Brandon
Lieut. Hurst, Edmonton
Adj. Archibald, Victoria
Lieut. Carroll, Nanaimo
Lieut. A. Brown, Liverpool
Mrs. Eugenia Moore, Chat
Sister Patterson, Nanaimo
Capt. Morris, Charlotte
Capt. Strata, Prescott
Lieut. Davis, St. Stephen
Mrs. Eugenia Moore, Chat
Sergt. Gilm, Kingston
Capt. Strata, Prescott
S. Dolphine, Kingston
Capt. Strata, Prescott
C. Gilm, Kingston
Mrs. Morris, Victoria
M. Honey, Kingston
Sergt. M. Smith, Charlott
Sister Gilm, Prescott
Capt. Anderson, Brandon
Bro. Chukett, North Syd
M. Hessey, Kingston
Bro. Smeeton, Victoria
Bro. Smeeton, Victoria
Bro. W. Hicks, Nanaimo

HE DEADETH ME.

BY W. A. S.

He had just said "good-bye" to his home and friends; he had gone to the depot, boarded a train, and now he was on his way to his first appointment.

He felt as the majority of cadets generally feel on leaving home—he just plucked out what to him seemed his right eye.

His friends objected to his going away; his parents would not give their consent; the devil thought he had better stay at home and be a soldier; he could do as much good, and then, he could be a great help to the corps. But God had said otherwise, "Go into the vineyards, behind the fields are white already to harvest. Laborers (not ioners or overseers, but laborers) are wanted, Go!" For months he prayed night and day concerning the matter. He had put it off; he did not write out his application in a hurry, simply because he considered that the step he was about to take must be a Nelson one. He understood the position of a Salvation Army officer was one that was not to be occupied one day and given up the next; it must be life-long work.

He had settled it to his own mind, God wanted him to go forward. He applied, was accepted, had said good-bye, and now he was on his way to his first appointment. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can understand how anyone leaving home, mother and friends for the first time, to enter into the work of the Salvation Army, really feels. It seems that all the powers and subtlety of the devil is brought to bear on the mind and feelings of the cadet.

ABOUT TO ENTER THE FIELD.

It was so in the experience of our hero. The devil seemed to bring all manner of thoughts and suggestions to his mind. "You have made a mistake; you ought not to have taken this step; you are not capable of filling the position of an officer, your throat is too weak." These and similar suggestions were brought before him by the devil, until the Cadet thought his heart would break. He knew he was not talented; he was aware of the fact that his throat was none too strong; he knew he was about to enter a business he knew very little about; yet he reasoned thus with himself: "Have I not been praying about this matter for months? Did I not promise God in a holiness meeting I would follow where He called me? Have I not felt that I was a hindrance to the corps because I refused to send in my application? Has not God clearly shown me that He wanted me to take this step? I have only done what He wanted me to do. He would not have led me to take this step if He was not able to supply me with the grace and power I will need."

It was settled; the controversy was ended; his enemies said the devil had got behind him; then he bowed his head and told God that no matter what happened or what the devil told him, he was going to fight at the front.

The battle scored on that train that day has never been fought; throughout darkness and discouragement, the fact that God was his Leader has been with him. He knows not what the future has in store for him; he does not know what part of the world he will be called to fight; he knows not where his lot will be cast; he cannot see into the future; it is sufficient for him to know that God is with him.

"But how about when you are sick, and where will you be buried when you die?" are questions which are often asked. It was God who led David in green pastures and beside still waters; He was with him as he passed through the valley and the shadow of death. Did He not follow Moses as he led the children of Israel for the last time? God saw him as He bid farewell to his friends and started to ascend the untrodden mountains alone, mournfully watched by the sorrow-stricken Israelites, may we not suppose that some of the thoughts that crowded through his mind were after this style: Are these

rocks to be my dying pillow, and this mountain my resting-place, where thunder-clouds spend their fury, the lightnings shoot their fiery darts, and the eagles build their eyries? Have I not carried the bones of Joseph forty years in the wilderness? They will rest in the promised land, while mine lie bleaching upon this mountain. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight, Thy will be done. His last mournful gaze was turned on the thousands of Israelites below, then the patient lawgiver laid down to die.

God took charge of the corps. Was ever such distinction conferred upon a man? Did ever human dust receive such honors? We may speak of the magnificence of human obsequies, the pomp and pageantry that gathers round the hero's funeral car, the city flushed into a holiday of grief, talk of the booming of the minute guns, the hell's dull toll, the muffled drums, or the solemn strains of the dead march, played by a brass band, etc. But earthly pomp is not to be compared with the unimaginable obsequies that attended the funeral of Moses. Who can describe

THE GRANDEUR OF THAT FUNERAL?

No dropping banner hung in saile folds over the heads of that funeral train; no muffled drum sent forth its dull, monotonous sound; the equipage of royalty and the decorations of human art would have been lost amid the splendor of that funeral cortage; the Lord Himself, in solitude and silence, lay the venerated dust in the mystery of the hills, the mountain of his obsequies.

Where now is the pomp of human art? Let the Urns and Pyramids, Mansions and monumental marbles crumble into dust and dust that this funeral was marked by a glory unparalleled. Surely God, who took care of His humble follower in such a wonderful manner, will take care of our Cadet friend, and,

Though a weary path he is traveling, and in darkness, storm and strife, Bearing many a burden, struggling for his life, But the morn is breaking, his toils will soon be o'er, See, he is kneeling at the threshold, he will soon be through the door.

STINGINESS.

BY ADJUTANT MANTON.

OH GOD, PRESERVE ME FROM A POOR, STINGY, SHRIVELLED-UP, DRIED-UP SOUL!

Has He any claim upon us? There are people who used to spend their money, not by the coppers, or 5-cent pieces, but by the dollars—thrown down on the bar of the liquor-hell to satiate the burning thirst. One would naturally think that when these men had found deliverance through the blood of Christ, and have been saved that their blood would boil with the grace and power I will need.

It was settled; the controversy was ended; his enemies said the devil had got behind him; then he bowed his head and told God that no matter what happened or what the devil told him, he was going to fight at the front.

of doing all they possibly could as a thank-offering to God for their deliverance; but, strange to say, some, when asked for a donation to help on God's work, look at you as though you were guilty of some sin when they say, "It is hard times." But mark you, they have better furniture in their houses, they wear better clothing, yes, and many of them become too respectable to acknowledge the despised Salvation Army, which was the instrument in the hands of God of saving them from the drunkard's grave and hell, and their families from disgrace, despair, and ruin. Yes, and another feature is that in some cases the wife of the rescued drunkard is the first one to use her uttermost power to get her husband to leave the Army, become respectable and go to church, possibly to grow cold, backslide, go back to their old ways, and go to hell.

GET OUT THOSE OLD BOOTS

And send them along either to be repaid for yourself, or as a donation to our Old-Fund Store. Beings neatly executed at very reasonable prices. Help along our work by leaving your mending here at our Industrial Home.

ANARCHY!
ANARCHY!
ANARCHY!

At the Army Penitent-Form He Alters.

I'm inclined to believe I was a born agitator.

At the age of 18 I suffered three months' imprisonment for thinking a bit too loud concerning a glaring injustice.

During my incarceration the Governor of the jail advised me not to be so quoxtic, but to study my own interests.

I was unable to profit by his advice, for my whole nature revolted against it.

Since then my employers have sometimes looked upon me as a dangerous man, an agitator, and

A BRA-LAWYER.

Some did their best to crush and starve me into submission, but to no purpose.

Owing to my boyhood being spent at sea, I found it easy to go to another part of the world, and being a little clever at my trade, it was no trouble to get employment.

Though continually agitating, I do not remember that I ever agitated against anything I did not really believe in. Young Workmen who read John Stuart Mill, Spencer, Grote, Gibbon, Emerson, Huxley, etc., etc., and delight in scientific and philosophical works, are apt to think a little, though it may be difficult for them to put their thoughts into clear language.

Just previous to my conversion, I had reached that condition so aptly described by Coleridge as "That point of misery attained by the oppressed wherein life becomes miserable, and places him in the ranks of the oppressed at his mercy." I hated the

OPPRESSOR'S OR GOD'S ROOM

with an intensity that is beyond my power of expression; and, though I had very little, it was faith in the Bible, yet I would positively goat over the following passage: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven" and would exultantly exclaim, "I wish He had said a whale instead of camel." I was the kind of material from which anarchists are made, and would willingly and gladly have given my life to help the cause of the oppressed of my race.

Nearly three years ago I decided that the Salvationists were right and I wrong, and I accepted their Saviour for mine.

No other form of Christianity could have affected me. Since then a wonderful transformation has taken place, and my ideas are totally changed. I now believe, nay, am sure, that by living a true Salvation-Army Christian's life I can do more good than if I had

DIED AN ANARCHIST,

and blew into eternity a dozen or two of the people who, I considered, for selfish purposes cause, or permit to be caused, the submerged tenth. Because to win a soul is the only lasting good, and a soul cannot be saved without affecting the body.

In regard to the passage concerning the submerged tenth, I am intensely in earnest. It is not necessary to systematically and scientifically debase and starve the poor into a state that makes a man's position positively enviable. The Word of God from cover to cover is against anything unjust. After having dwelt in all sorts of schemes for bringing in a better state of affairs and devoting an immense amount of solid literature, including God's Word, Mrs. Booth, Spurgeon, Drummond, Moody, etc., and having a distinct experience of God's presence in my own soul, I have arrived at the conclusion that God's way is the only way. We want Christ in our lives, and

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE STATE

instead of that which has reduced to a scission the breaking point of misery the poor can bear, so that the last straw that breaks the camel's back is not put on, and leaves its operators on an absurd idea that part of the human race has no right in the world.

(To be continued.)

AN ILL LIVELIHOOD OR BAD-EGG?

BY MARIA SIMPSON,

late of the Home for Incurables, now in the land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick."

Luke-warm Christian—"I consider myself up to the ordinary standard of church membership."

Red-hot Salvationist—"I am a Blood-and-Fire Salvation Soldier, and glory in my Saviour King."

L. C.—"The minister would like me to take a district; but my time is too much occupied already."

R. S.—"The King's business requires haste. It is first and foremost on my programme."

L. C.—"I have no strength for mission or Sabbath-school work. Sitting up late, reading novels; and our little evening parties, for card-playing, etc., etc., has tired me out."

R. S.—"I have no strength for novel-reading or card-playing. And, I would sooner to have a pauper, to which I dared not invite my King."

L. C.—"Oh, you people have no pleasure in life whatever. Now, I am really fond of dancing—even in crowded hall-rooms, and think it such a pleasant pastime."

R. S.—"Those crowded hall-rooms are the devil's traps, to decoy poor souls to ruin. Why, we Salvationists are the happiest people in creation—we can dance, too, to the glory of our King. Would you like Christ to come and find you novel-reading, card-playing, or, in the hall-room?"

L. C.—"Christ coming! (with a start) oh, oh, I scarcely think He will—not just yet. But, I hope I shall be found ready!"

R. S.—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"Jesus is coming—is coming again, Jesus is coming forever to reign. Shout the glad tidings—Salvation is free, Jesus is coming again."

From the "Ladies' Journal."

One of the greatest sufferers had passed away a few hours before, and there was general mourning, but through it all a feeling of real thankfulness that for Maria Simpson, the little cripple, perhaps the greatest sufferer of the whole 125 of the patients, there would be no more pain.

Miss Simpson has been quite a character in her day. An ardent, enthusiastic in temperance work, she edited and compiled a book upon the subject that was helpful in disseminating her views. Miss Simpson was a general favorite alike with visitors, nurses, and inmates. Her great patience under suffering was marvellous. Toward the close of her life, when her poor back was a mass of sores, she cut out many texts in fanciful shapes, her favorite one being, "Jesus Only."

The Salvation Army, of which Miss Simpson was a loyal supporter, had charge of the funeral.

DO YOU PRAY?

It is conversation which chiefly begets both faith and love. Affection cannot but desire a nearness to the object to which it is attached. Affection is a wind which, by degrees, blows off those fruits which grow upon the tree of friendship. It is the same between the soul and God. Not to pray to Him, not to meditate on Him, not to have Him in our thoughts, indisperses us and estranges Him, and when we more particularly require His aid, our

SHAME ENERVATES OUR FAITH.

With what confidence can we give to Him in need, whom in our prosperity we have quite neglected? It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God. When a man neglects praying to His Maker it makes a chasm between Him and his own peace, and a breach once made by negligence like that by water would soon break out into a sea.

Let us then pray without ceasing. Let the spirit of true prayer characterize our every action, then shall our faith in Christ become stronger and our love for Him grow deeper and deeper.

THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

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